

SUMMER ISSUE

VOL 4 - NO 5

THE



ARCHON

May 1916

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# THE ARCHON

Published six times during the school year by the students  
of Dummer Academy, South Byfield, Mass.

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*MAY 1916*

*No. 5*

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The school year is fast drawing to a close.

Old man "Spring Fever" tried to pay us a visit, but soon found that it was too fast a place for him; so packed up and left in favor of Daddy "Pepp," who has been with us since. All the "petty" exams are over, and everyone is putting his back to the wheel, in order to make this year more successful than any.

Now that the debate with Newburyport is past, a great weight has been lifted off some of the fellows' minds; for the boys certainly worked hard, and although they lost out, it is far from a discredit to them.

If one should take a stroll over the hill on a sunny afternoon, he would undoubtedly hear the loud and forceful ejaculations of some young "Demosthenes" practicing his Commencement speech.

The baseball season is half over and aside from one or two games it has been a decided success, and we are all looking forward to the last game of the year with Newburyport with great anticipation.

The June issue of the ARCHON will finish up the nineteenth year of the school paper. We hope to make this Commencement number the best that the school has yet seen.

The following articles have been taken from the first few issues of

Dummer's publications. It was then the "Dummer News."

(From the issue of March, 1899)

## DANCING CLASS.

Every Thursday night the cobweb festoons of the gymnasium are illuminated by the glare of six kerosene lamps. Over in the corner by the red-hot stove, stand the girls casting timid glances at some foolish young men, who are commenting on each other's shoes. Miss Towle stands near them calmly fingering her little call. Her clear voice is heard saying, "now everybody please take partners for a two-step." The girls redouble their glances which only causes the boys to look nervously at each other and feel in their pockets to see if they have brought a clean handkerchief.

A few words of encouragement and we all make a B-line for the girl of our choice, who invariably accepts unless some previous engagement prevents.

After some modest hesitation a coat sleeve encircles a slender waist and the couples glide away to the darkest part of the gym., only to reappear whispering hurried words, which seem a part of the music. If anyone can judge by the number of melted collars or the amount of dust raised, I think they would say that we had a pretty good time.



(From the issue of May, 1897)

Very few came to our little private indoor meet. But you know that we equalled the world's record in the ten yard dash. We all felt very proud of that, and the timer was particularly pleased to make so good a showing, because he is new at the business.

(From the issue of December, 1899)

#### THE ANNUAL BARBECUE.

The annual barbecue took place on Nov. 21. It proved as popular as usual, about one hundred and fifty being there. The supper was about the same as in former years, roast pig, vegetables, apple sauce, bread, pie and coffee. After supper dancing was in order, but as at every other party this fall, the best dancers of the school were room bound.

#### GOLF LINKS.

Work on the links has been delayed by the late, wet spring and labor shortage, but is now going steadily forward. The tank and engine will be delivered this week. All the seeding is done and much of the work on the fairway is in shape. By the end of another month the course should suggest its final shape very plainly and by midseason it should be open. Plans for the clubhouse are delayed but a temporary structure is now contemplated and work will soon be begun upon it.

#### MRS. JOSEPH N. DUMMER.

The death of Mrs. Joseph Newell Dummer on May third was a great shock to a wide circle of friends and admirers. While she has not been able to be as active of late as in earlier days, she maintained a deep interest in the school and its fortunes, to the last. She was a charter member of the Byfield Chapter of the Dummer Allies, and for a time its president. Her cheerfulness, her un-failing sweetness and charity towards all, with many other manifestations of a beautiful Christian character,

make her life admirable and her world better for her living in it.

#### COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM.

The closing exercises of Dummer's one hundred and fifty-third year begin with the annual sermon at the Byfield Church, Sunday morning, June eleventh. The speaker this year is to be the Reverend Mortimer Chapman of New London, Conn.

Tuesday, the thirteenth, is Commencement Day and the usual order will be followed.

10.30 A. M. Meeting of the Society of the Sons.

11.00 A. M. Ambrose Prize Speaking.

12.00 M. Commencement Exercises, distribution of diplomas and prizes.

1.00 P. M. Luncheon. (The tickets for this should be secured when possible in advance. Price one dollar.

2.30 P. M. Annual Meeting of the Board of Trustees.

3.00 P. M. Ball Game, Dummer vs. Alumni.

8.00-12.00 P. M. Master's Reception.

The following are the names of those eligible for diplomas and certificates, with the college choices as far as known:

Wesley S. Bartlett, Haverhill, Mass., Lowell Textile.

Martin Burns, Jr., Byfield, Mass.

T. Stewart Brush, Salem, Ohio, University of Michigan.

Walter L. Flanders, Dover, N. H., New Hampshire State College.

James G. Ferguson, Amsterdam, N. Y., Cornell.

Frederick H. Goodwin, New York, N. Y.

Frank Hale, Byfield, Amherst Agricultural College.

Benjamin Pearson, Jr., Byfield, Mass.; Dartmouth.

Clayton B. Spencer, Saybrook, Conn., Yale.

Ashley Jones, Lynn, Mass., Cornell.

Fyotaro Ono, Tokio, Japan, Harvard.





# ATHLETICS

## DUMMER, 10; SANBORN, 2.

On April 19 Dummer opened its baseball season with a victory over Sanborn on the home diamond. The game was called at the end of the fifth inning so that the visitors could catch their train. Owing to the fact that this was the first game of the season for both teams, the game was played rather loosely.

The line-up:

<i>Sanborn.</i>		<i>Dummer.</i>
Cook	Pitcher	Fuller
Merrick	Catcher	Barbour
Page	First Base	Drake
Kemp	Second Base	Brush
Dudley	Short Stop	Leavitt
Cheney	Third Base	Brown
McKeen	Left Field	Nutter
Ford	Center Field	Burns
Sanborn	Right Field	Woodward

Runs: Drake 2, Brown, Barbour, Brush, Nutter 2, Burns 2, Woodward, Merrick, Ford. Two-base hits: Barbour 2. Double plays: Kemp, Cheney. Time, 1h, 30m. Umpire, Evans.

## PORTSMOUTH, 13; DUMMER, 3.

On April 22 we drove up to Portsmouth in machines to play our first out-of-town game. It was a cold, raw day and we were hindered, during most of the game, by a drizzling rain. Both teams played ragged ball, Dummer making eight errors and Portsmouth four. Mullohand and Davis played a fine game for the opponents, while Nutter and Brush did the same for Dummer.

The line-up is as follows:

<i>Portsmouth.</i>		<i>Dummer.</i>
Spinney	Pitcher	Ferguson
Smith	Catcher	Barbour
Bailey	First Base	Drake

Thompson	Second Base	Brush
Timmons	Short Stop	Leavitt
Butler	Third Base	Brown
Craig	Left Field	Nutter
Mullohand	Center Field	Woodward
Davis	Right Field	Burns

## DANVERS, 5; DUMMER, 3.

We felt very sure of this game, so sure that we lost it. We had Frank Muller, the last year's pitcher for Lynn Classical high in the box for us and Nutter behind the bat. This was Muller's first game this year, and we consider 18 strike-outs from a possible 27 with a team like Danvers, pretty good. It was Nutter's first trial with the big glove and he found it rather hard to hold one of the greatest schoolboy pitchers.

The runs were made by Muller, Burns, and Ferguson for Dummer and by Hopkins, Vaughn, and Bainerd for Danvers.

Our three basemen, Drake, Brush, and Brown, did their part in trying to keep the visitors where they belonged.

It was an all-around good game, played with lots of the old spirit.

The Line-up:

<i>Danvers.</i>		<i>Dummer.</i>
F. Vaughn	Pitcher	Muller
(Henesy)		
Bainerd	Catcher	Nutter
Johnson	First Base	Drake
Morgan	Second Base	Brush
Hopkins	Short Stop	Leavitt
Vaughn	Third Base	Brown
Sellers	Left Field	Woodward
Woodbury	Center Field	Burns
Sullivan	Right Field	Ferguson
		(Rowe)

Runs: Muller, Burns, Drake, Hopkins 2, Vaughn 2, Bainerd. Two-base

hits: Muller, Drake, Bainerd. Stolen bases: Hopkins, Vaughn, Burns. Time, 1h 40m. Umpire, Evans.

#### HAMPTON, 12; DUMMER, 11.

On May 3 we met Hampton Academy in one of the worst baseball games ever witnessed on our field. Both teams were in apparently good form, but the game lacked the pep and ginger we generally display.

Nutter and Brown did their best to liven the team up, but it didn't work. There was something lacking. During the course of the afternoon Brown managed to steal four bases. Burns struck out six men out of 27. Garland struck out 7 out of 27. There were twenty errors and we are at least glad to say that Hampton made over three-fourths of them.

The line-up:

<i>Hampton.</i>		<i>Dummer.</i>
Garland	Pitcher	Burns
Stickney	Catcher	Nutter
Blake	First Base	Drake
R. Brown	Second Base	Fuller
Stenger	Short Stop	Leavitt
Hobbs	Third Base	Brown
Nudd	Right Field	Ferguson
Church	Left Field	Woodward
C. Brown	Center Field	Rowe

Runs: Nutter, Brown, Burns 2, Woodward, Leavitt, Ferguson, Fuller 3, Rowe, Blake, Hobbs 4, Stenger 2, Church 2, Stickney 2, Nudd. Double play: Ferguson, Brown. Time, 1h 55m. Umpire, Brush.

#### DUMMER, 6; SAUGUS, 5.

We can lift our heads once more as a result of beating Saugus 6 to 5 in a 10-inning contest on the Dummer diamond on May 10.

Our prospects were not very good for the first four innings, but after that we settled down to business.

Saugus made a single run for the first few innings, but we soon put a stop to that. They came with the idea of running away with us, but

they soon changed their tune.

Ferguson pitched a very good game, striking out 10 men. Not being satisfied with pitching a great game, he batted for 1000 per cent.

The game was very good; lots of pep and played in good sportsmanlike manner, until the ninth inning. The catcher got rattled and offered to "lick" anybody on the field.

The line-up:

<i>Saugus.</i>		<i>Dummer.</i>
Littlefield	Pitcher	Ferguson
Lunholm	Catcher	Nutter
Hull	First Base	Drake
Wilson	Second Base	Brush
Allen	Short Stop	Johnstone
O'Brien	Third Base	Brown
(Reddish, Taylor)		
Westendorf	Right Field	Fuller
Garafamus	Center Field	Burns
		(Rowe)
Atherton	Left Field	Woodward
Runs: Nutter, Drake, Brown 2, Brush, Johnstone, Allen 2, Garafamus, O'Brien, Wilson. Two-base hits: Ferguson, Allen, O'Brien. Stolen bases: Allen, Garafamus, Brush 2, Wilson 2, Drake, Burns 2, Johnstone. Double plays: Reddish to Wilson. Time, 2h. Umpire, Senior.		

#### DUMMER, 13; MANCHESTER, 7.

On May 13 we journeyed down to Manchester By the Sea in machines. We played the Manchester high school and won by the score of 13 to 7. It was an ideal day for a game and the Manchester boys surely had a fine diamond. The game was a fast one up until the last inning, when we scored three runs.

The lineups were as follows:

Dummer — Ferguson, p; Barbour, c; Burns, 1st b; Brush, 2nd b; Nutter, ss; Brown, 3rd b; Rowe, lf; Fuller, cf; Woodward, Johnstone, rf.

Manchester — Crafts, p; Walsh, c; Miguel, 1st b; Hight, 2nd b; Francis, ss; Beaton, 3rd b; Chadwick, lf; Boker, cf; Peabody, rf.

**MANNING, 13; DUMMER, 8.**

On May 15 we played Manning high school on our own diamond and we were beaten 13 to 8. The game was wretchedly played by both teams, our team making 11 errors, which is enough to lose any game. Fuller, Ferguson, and Burns pitched for us and all were hit hard. Wendel, who finished the game for Manning pitched a very good game.

The following is the lineup:

Dummer — Fuller, p, cf; Nutter, c; Burns, 1st b, p; Brush, 2nd b, 3rd b; Johnstone, ss; Leavitt, 2nd b; Brown, 3rd b; Rowe, lf; Ferguson, cf, p; Woodward, rf.

Manning — Wendel, p, 1st b; Lange, c; H. Gordon, 3rd b, 1st b; Wallace, p, cf; Conley, lf; Goodhue, rf; G. Gordon, rf; Riley, cf, 3rd b; Campbell, ss; Nason, 2nd b.

**DUMMER, 6; GROVELAND, 1.**

Being unable to obtain a field in Groveland, the high school team played at South Byfield. It was a good game and we kept the lead after the second inning. Ferguson, Fuller, and Smith started for us while McCormack, Carter, and Parker for Groveland.

"Ted" Parker, our last year's short-stop, played for Groveland and did credit to his team by making a few good stops and quick throws to first base.

Although Drake's hand was still pretty stiff he played in the field and helped at bat. Brown is still laid up, as a result of his accident in the Manning game. Nutter filled his place at third and played a good game.

Fuller made a sensational catch in the third inning and redeemed himself for the error that he had previously been marked up with.

The lineup:

<i>Groveland.</i>		<i>Dummer.</i>
E. Hardy	Pitcher	Ferguson
Buswell	Catcher	Barbour
Silk	First Base	Burns

Carter	Second Base	Brush
McCormack	Third Base	Nutter
Parker	Short Stop	Smith
Robinson	Right Field	Rowe
Coffey	Center Field	Fuller
G. Hardy	Left Field	Drake

**MANCHESTER, 16; DUMMER, 8.**

On May 24 we met Manchester for our second game. Ferguson started the game, but this was an off-day for him, so he surrendered his place to Burns in the second inning.

If Burns had tightened up a little before the last two innings, we might have held down our end. But nevertheless he pitched a good game. Brush at second was considerably off his feet and didn't settle down till the game was three-fourths over. Nutter and Brown were our redeeming players. Both played good ball.

Francis of Manchester starred for them. Besides being a good short-stop, he bats well.

There was no spirit among our players until the game was too far gone. The infield juggled the ball too much and the outfield played too near, and by so doing missed many of the good ones.

The lineup:

<i>Manchester.</i>		<i>Dummer.</i>
Clafts	Pitcher	Ferguson
		Burns
McGills	Catcher	Nutter
Walsh	First Base	Burns
		Ferguson
Height	Second Base	Brush
Beaton	Third Base	Brown
Francis	Short Stop	Smith
		Johnstone
Chadwick	Right Field	Rowe
Boaker	Center Field	Fuller
Peabody	Left Field	Drake

**THE N. H. MEET.**

Captain Kramer and Coach Goodwin went to Durham, N. H., Saturday morning, May 20, where Kramer was

(Continued on Page 23.)





FOOTBALL TEAM, 1915

Leavitt, Nagle, (coach)

Reynolds, Ferguson, Drake (mgr.), Nutter

Woodward, Laucks, Bartlett, Kramer, Mills

Brown, Nutter (capt.), Brush

Amesbury High	12	Dummer	0
Haverhill 2nd	7	Dummer	0
Manning High	0	Dummer	0
Newburyport	12	Dummer	0
Sanborn Acad.	0	Dummer	33
Amesbury High	14	Dummer	0
Manning	6	Dummer	7



BASKETBALL TEAM, 1916

Woodward (mgr.), Johnstone, Ferguson, Farrell (coach), Reynolds  
 Moore, Mills  
 Brown, Nutter, Burns (capt.), Brush Fuller

Hamilton High School	12	Dummer	13
Newburyport Y. M. C. A.	0	Dummer	24
Newburyport Y. M. C. A.	9	Dummer	44
South Boston	15	Dummer	29
Newburyport Y. M. C. A.	10	Dummer	33





TRACK TEAM, 1916

Francis, Goodwin (coach), Spencer, Brush  
Nutter, (mgr.) Drake, Kramer, (capt.) Reynolds

Represented in

The Huntington Meet

The B. A. A. Meet

The New Hampshire State Interscholastic Meet

The Exhibition Meet at Newburyport

The St. John's Meet





# • LITERARY •

## “A SPY.”

(Continued From Last Number of the Archon.)

### Chapter IV.—“A Revelation.”

Brighter and brighter grew the eastern sky. The red sun peeped over the horizon. Dawn! Jim Fenton's sleepless eyes watched the coming sun rising, for with it came his death, his doom. It also meant another's doom—Jules La Pearl's. That fearless gentleman stood behind his youthful companion.

Suddenly the door opened, revealing the uncle and M. La Pearl's appointed executor. Both were armed. They commanded their victims to march out before them. The companions obeyed. Jim's eyes met his uncle's once. In them he saw cold contempt and mercilessness. The uncle and Jim walked one way while the others, the opposite way.

The roads were dusty. M. La Pearl kept perfect step. At a turn in the roadway they transferred to a narrow path. On this path they went still farther. Suddenly monsieur was commanded to stop.

“M. La Pearl, you are a man,” said the spy. His voice was distinct. He wore no mask. “In the name of Kaiser Wilhelm I perform my duty. To shirk would be cowardly—yet—yet, as a man I ask your forgiveness.”

“My life has been and is a system,” answered Jules La Pearl steadily. This is the flaw in it. The machinery has broken and your system has won. I am only sorry you are the man who

shall shoot me.”

They shook hands. As a brave man, Jules La Pearl refused to wear a bandage over his eyes. He marched ten paces and halted. The German raised his pistol, aimed, hesitated, aimed again and pulled the trigger.

“My God,” gasped the spy, turning ghastly pale, “it's empty. I never noticed—why, this is number four's gun. How in——”

Having crept up behind the spy, La Pearl landed on his back. The spy wriggled and squirmed to release himself. Then, with a clever move, he landed his enemy. La Pearl was up in a moment. They grappled. The gun dropped as both fell. Quickly La Pearl grabbed it. He raised it to strike, but the spy's arm prevented the blow. Desperately M. La Pearl rained blows on the spy. The spy cursed and wriggled. He grabbed the German's throat and pressed his fingers into the skin. The spy's color changed. He gasped and weakened. Slowly senselessness came.

\* \* \*

“Around that path!” ordered the uncle as he led Jim to his death. They crossed the road to a path. Suddenly the uncle stopped. He had placed his gun in his pocket.

“Jim,” he whispered. The astonished lad turned around.

“Yes, uncle.”

“You still call me uncle.”

“Well?”

“I am not a spy.”

“You are not a——.”

“I was afraid to tell you or Jules.

I abandoned you because I had to trace down the X-3. I am an English spy! By a clever trick I shot and killed a German spy who was being sent by Wilhelm to lead the X-3. The members had never seen the new leader of course and they welcomed me as their head. Tomorrow I play my hand. Forgive me ——"

"Hands up!"

Both turned. It was Jules La Pearl. Quickly Jim Fenton explained the situation. Jules La Pearl was overcome. He grasped the Englishman's hand.

"Allies," he smiled as they shook.

Chapter V.—"The Trap."

Mr. Fenton's day had come!

It was midnight. The candles lighting the darkened X-3 room flickered as they brought out the forms of the masked spies. All were there tonight, all the fourteen men. There was a great silence in the group; men were reporting in whispers; tonight was the last night to be spent in this place. The danger was too great.

Outside, shadows were being cast on the house. Each shadow carried a gun! Breathlessly these forms waited. At half past, the signal would come. Then they would all stand up and make a mad, desperate rush.

Jim Fenton and M. Jules La Pearl lay on the dry ground in silence. In twenty minutes the signal would come; and then —

Fifteen more minutes! They stirred. All the French soldiers began to examine their guns.

Five more minutes! Would he never give the signal?

Suddenly a dim light approached the window. A candle—the signal! A moment later a sound of breaking glass—a man had hurled himself out the window! It was Mr. Fenton, the pseudo German spy.

A group of white, puzzled faces appeared at the window.

"French!" The outsiders heard the excited cry.

A moment later a shot rang out. Twenty armed Frenchmen sprang toward the house of mystery. They dashed silently, desperately. A dozen shots followed. Cries from within the house were heard. Five soldiers dashed in the front door; five rushed into the back door; five broke in the side door; five remained with Jim, Mr. Fenton, and M. La Pearl.

What a trap!

Within the room thirteen spies were holding the doors. The left door was yielding under the soldiers' weight. Suddenly one of the spies approached a huge oil painting. He grasped a knob hidden behind it and it swung open like a door. Six spies had already dashed through the secret tunnel. The left door was crashing through. Five more leaped through the secret hole. With a roaring, splintering crash the left door fell in. In rushed the soldiers. There were only two men in the room! The oil painting had closed like a door. One spy shot a gun. A return gun-fire ended his life. The other spy hurled himself at his foes. They fell back. Another shot—and the other spy reeled and fell.

The right door gave way with a crash. Mr. Fenton leaped in. He realized the escape.

"They've gone through the secret tunnel. But I've left five men at the entrance in the field!" he said as he turned the knob and opened the painting. "Here, ten of you follow me! La Pearl, you take the others to the end of the tunnel."

Inside the tunnel eleven spies were loading guns. Suddenly a shot made the steel walls ring. One spy returned it.

"To the end of the tunnel," they yelled running.

To their terror ten men stood at the end of the tunnel. They turned back in horror. Trapped! A dozen shots made the tunnel echo. There were



seven spies lying on the floor. The other four lay down to fire. The soldiers fired on until the voices in the tunnel ceased. Then they left the ends of the secret passage.

"Thus ends the history of the X-3. The Kaiser will hear tomorrow, Mr. Fenton sighed.

"You're a clever man, my dear Fenton," returned M. La Pearl.

"Uncle, when do we risk crossing the Atlantic for U. S. A.?" asked Jim.

"We start tomorrow."

The End.

---

### HIS CHANCE.

For several hours Dick Webster had been walking through the Maine woods. He had left the train at Little River, but his pal, Jack Ralston, had not been there as planned. So Dick undertook to find his way through the woods to Jack's camp. They had been college chums for three years and Dick was on the way to spend the last two weeks of vacation at Jack's bungalow.

As Dick was plugging along, tired and hot, he came to a very rocky place in the path. Instead of going around he undertook to climb over it. When he thought he was safely over, his foot slipped and became lodged between two sharp stones. It pained him fiercely and for several moments he did not move. After resting, he tried to get his foot out but found he could not. Dick called for aid, and finally, a girl appeared and asked what the trouble was. Dick told her, and after much exertion, she was able to roll one of the stones away. Dick gave a sigh of relief and lay back perfectly still. The girl believed him to be badly hurt and asked: "Is there anything I can do to aid you?" It was then that Dick first noticed the girl to any extent. What beautiful hair! He had not expected to find such a girl in the wilds of Maine. For a while Dick gazed in amaze-

ment. Blue eyes and golden hair that blended perfectly together. With a start Dick pulled himself together: "No, thank you. I guess I am not badly hurt." The girl looked down at his foot, "but your foot is bleeding." Dick tried to stand, but found he could not. He had wrenched his ankle badly and had cut his foot by trying to pull it loose. The girl seemed equal to all emergencies. She made him lie down and allow her to tie up the injured ankle. This he proceeded to do after much argument.

After this was done he asked: "Could you tell me the way to Ralston's camp?" With a look of surprise the girl answered, "Why certainly, I am Ray Ralston and you must be Dick Webster." Dick was astounded. He knew Jack had a sister, but did not dream of such a vision. The distance was not far but it was necessary for Dick to go very slowly, and during this time the two became fast friends.

That evening as Jack and Dick were sitting on the broad veranda, Dick broke the silence, and asked, "Jack, why have you never told me about your sister?" Jack laughed and taking the pipe from between his teeth replied, "Dick, for several months I have planned to have you two meet, but every attempt has failed. At last I have succeeded. That's why I have been so silent." Dick was silent, the moon played among the tree tops. The murmuring of the pines was all that broke the silence. Soon the old folks and Ray came out and joined them. Jack finally persuaded Dick to bring forth his mandolin. He was an accomplished player and also a fine singer, having a strong tenor voice. It was a merry party gathered there in the shade of the trees. Dick led the singing with his strong tenor voice and Jack would join in with his baritone. At last Ray joined them. What a voice! Dick sat and played in



silence but he was listening intently to that wonderful voice. Then came the songs of dear old Princeton. Dick joined in when it came to singing those familiar songs. The three voices blended well together and in this way they spent a delightful evening.

For ten days the boys enjoyed themselves with hunting and fishing, and the time was fast drawing near for the party to break up and return to the city. One evening as Dick was sitting on the piazza thinking of the past week, Ray came out and seated herself beside him. "Dick, why are you so silent on such a beautiful evening?" "I was thinking," replied Dick, "of what tomorrow is going to bring for us. We leave for home then and that was the cause of my silence, but I'll try, for your sake, to regain my lost senses." For a time they both were silent. Both seemed to be thinking of things far away. At last Dick broke the silence, "You know, Ray, from time to time I've heard a lot about you. Jack would speak of you but would never give me much satisfaction. I was surprised when I saw you. Ray, do you believe in love at first sight? I have always been afraid of the feminine sex, but I understand that those are the kind that fall hardest. For some time I have had a peculiar feeling and at last concluded it was love. Yes, with you, Ray. Are you surprised? Each day I thought surely I would betray myself, but I didn't and tonight, well, it just naturally had to come out. Have you no answer for me, Ray?" Ray was silent. Her thoughts seemed to be far away. Dick took her hand and with a start she seemed to come to her senses. She did not draw her hand away but let it rest where it was. The next moment she was in his arms and with her beaming face close to his, she whispered, "Dick, I love you."

The boys went back and during the fall played football with great suc-

cess, and then sat down to "plug." The winter slowly passed and spring came. With it came baseball. Jack was catcher on the varsity team, while Dick was a pitcher, the games being evenly divided between he and Bill Brown. They had a very successful season, winning every game and there was only the game with Cornell to decide the college league. May lengthened into June. The Junior Prom. came and went; it was rapidly drawing near to Commencement. It meant a lot to Dick to leave all his pleasant surroundings.

Commencement Day dawned bright and clear. In the morning Jack and Dick both received their diplomas. Then came the big game with Cornell. Dick was never in better trim, for five innings he pitched without a man reaching second. In the sixth inning he began to weaken and a run was scored before he knew it. The bases were again filled. The next man hit a ball to Dick who scooped it up with one hand and threw it to first. Quick as a wink first threw it to second to head the man off. It was a good double play, but nevertheless another run had been scored. The next man struck out. The score was two to nothing. Thus it stood until the ninth inning. There was a man on first with one out when Jack went to bat. He hit the first ball pitched and it went far over the fielder's head. Jack rested on second with a man on third. Now was their chance. The next man hit a fly to the shortstop who managed to catch it while running backward. Two out. It was Dick's turn. Would Princeton lose in spite of all! It was up to him. Dick knew Ray was watching from the stand. Would he fail? No! Never! Just then a boy run up with a note for Dick. "I'll marry you tonight if you score, Jack," signed Ray. Dick with a determined air

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(Continued on Page 24.)



### SENIOR DANCE.

The Senior Dance proved to be the biggest event of the year, and the graduating class will look back to it as their best dance at Dummer.

Aside from the fact that the committee was reminded several times to clear away the debris, the dance was conducted admirably.

Wires were stretched from either side and boughs of ground juniper spread over them, forming a low ceiling, which, as Fred tells us, was just like a Rathskeller. At any rate, with strings of Japanese lanterns shining though, it made a very effective appearance. The principal attraction at one end of the hall was the cozy corner, or rest room, while at the other, "Fat's" illuminated 1916 displayed the class colors.

Banners and flags decorated the sides and a "blue and white" border extended around the hall.

Upstairs in the checking room "Ashley's" mathematical ability was demonstrated by his systematical arrangement for disposing of wraps.

Ice cream and cakes were served at intermission, while punch flowed freely all evening.

The music was furnished by Jordan's seven-piece orchestra, including two banjo-mandolins.

The ladies have as a souvenir of

the dance white leather dance orders which were made in the form of coin purses, while the gentlemen have blue bill folds, both having the block "D" in the center.

The dance started promptly at 8.15 and from that time until midnight the old gym. was the scene of greatest enjoyment.

The order of dances consisted of eight one-steps, eight fox-trots, and four waltzes. Although the floor was slightly crowded with the forty-five couples, everyone seemed to have room enough for their varied steps.

### THE JUNIOR DANCE.

The dance given by the Junior class on March 23 was a decided success. The committee, composed of Hardee Johnstone, Robert Kramer, Clarence Reynolds, Abner Beaver, and Alfredo Pino-Suarez, decorated the gymnasium in a very elaborate fashion. Streamers of green and white paper were draped from a large hoop in the center to the walls. Japanese lanterns seemed to afford enough if not too much light. The walls were covered as usual with numerous banners and flags, while the cozy corners at each end of the room added much to its appearance. The music was furnished by Jordan's orchestra of Newburyport. Punch was served during the evening.

Much amusement was caused by the eighth and fifteenth dances. These were ladies' choice, and proved to be very pleasing in some cases and disappointing in others. With the last waltz, at 11.30, the dance closed. All agreed that the Juniors had given them a fine time. The patronesses were Mrs. C. I. Ingham, Mrs. Walter Bentley, Mrs. Benjamin Pearson, Mrs. Frank Burke, Mrs. Herman S. Beaver, Miss Marion Noyes, Mrs. George Degan, and Mrs. O. F. Hale.

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### INFORMAL SENIOR DANCE.

On Friday evening, April 28, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bentley invited girls and gave an informal dance for the Seniors in the gymnasium. Mr. Kimball's piano playing certainly made one want to dance.

Besides the regular run of one-steps and fox-trots, several novelty dances were introduced. Among them was Ferguson's "Old Dan Tucker," direct from Amsterdam, which took the prize. Delicious home-made refreshments and punch were served during the evening.

A small dance like this at Dummer has not been held for a long time, and the Seniors wish to express their thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Bentley for their kindness.

---

### JUNIOR SCHOOL DANCE.

On Friday afternoon, April 18, the members of the Junior school gave a small but very enjoyable dance in the gymnasium. They did their own decorating and made their own punch. Their partners were girls from the Junior Dancing Class of Newburyport. The committee was composed of Allen Burke, George Priest, Henry Clifford, and James Kempton. The affair lasted from three until five. The Moodyites are confident that their dance was the most successful of the year.

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### NEWBURYPORT DEBATE.

The first annual debate between

Dummer and Newburyport high school was held Thursday evening, May 18, in the high school assembly hall, and after much deliberation, the judges awarded the prize to the high school. There was a large attendance of students from both schools, and the arguments were well prepared and presented.

The contest was arranged by the Harvard club of Newburyport, which offered a handsome silver cup to the school which wins the first three contests. The topic for discussion was: "Resolved, That a period of regular military training should be required of every American young man." Dummer had the affirmative and Newburyport the negative.

Benjamin Pearson, Jr., Clayton Spencer, and Ashley Jones represented Dummer, while the high school selected Richard Welch, Everett Bills, and Samuel Stratton. Pearson took the stand first, followed by Welch of Newburyport. Stratton and Pearson presented the final arguments.

While the judges were deciding the winner, Miss Marion Nutter entertained the audience with several selections on the piano.

Philip C. Ware, chairman of the committee for the Harvard club, announced that Newburyport high was the winner, obtaining the first leg in the cup.

Mr. Ware presented the cup to Dana C. Wells, principal of the school, who congratulated the school on its success. The cup will be kept at the school until the debate next year.

The timers were W. Anthony Towle of Newburyport and Fred Goodwin of Dummer.

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Sunday evening, May 21, Mrs. Henry Copley Greene, our neighbor on the turnpike, read us some letters from her husband who is with French Red Cross. The talk was very interesting, and we all appreciate Mrs. Greene's kindness.





# LOCALS

Mr. Horne: "Mills, who is your maker?"

Mills: "God."

Dodge: "Pretty bum job."

Mr. Horne (looking at the table cloth): "Did someone tip over a glass of water?"

Brush: "No, sir, that is where Ferguson has been eating grape fruit."

Pearson (translating French): "Mais je sentais ma poitrine comme fracassée. 'But I felt that my fish was fricasseed.'"

Mr. Evans had just told of a fellow who prepared for college in five months.

Bartlett: "Wasn't he a physical wreck?"

Francis (relating the adventures of the evening study hall): "Mr. Horne, he got Mills."

Reynolds: "If Laucks were standing on a ten cent piece, why would he be like Woolworth's five and ten cent store?"

Answer: Nothing over ten cents.

Mr. Horne (in Chemistry): "Bartlett, suppose you go to the board and heat some Calcium Carbonate."

Spencer (reading a menu): "Salmon aux petits pois. I'll have some salmon with little paws."

Goodwin: "They treated us fine up in New Hampshire."

Mills (who comes from Concord): "I think that New Hampshire people are very hospitality."

Spencer: "Say, Brush, you're a Chemistry shark. Tell me, does the rain that falls ever go back to the sky?"

Brush: "Sure."

Spencer: "When?"

Brush: "Oh, in dew time."

Goodwin (in English IV): "Mr. Evans, who translated Shakespeare's plays into English from Latin?"

Soup, Mulligatawney Style.

If Yu were Ono jap-a-lac,

And Jap-Ono were Yu,

What would you have to Spencer

To get an oyster, Stew?

—Klaxon.

Little Walter Edison Flanders has invented a portable study lamp. Its design and beauty are to be wondered at. He is now busy working on numerous other patents with which he hopes to astonish his classmates in the near future.



WHERE WE GET OFF



### MARCH NUMBERS.

Argo, The — Rutgers Preparatory School, New Brunswick, N. J.  
 Argus, The — Gardner High School, Gardner, Mass.  
 Academy Herald, The — Gould's Academy, Bethel, Me.  
 Advocate, The — New Brunswick High School, New Brunswick, N. J.  
 Advance, The — Salem High School, Salem, Mass.  
 Alpha, The — New Bedford High School, New Bedford, Mass.  
 Academy Journal, The — Norwich Free Academy, Norwich, Conn.  
 Breeze, The — Cushing Academy, Ashburnham, Mass.  
 Clarion, The — The West Hartford High School, West Hartford, Conn.  
 Chaos, The — Detroit University School, Detroit, Mich.  
 Coburn Clarion, The — Coburn Classical Institute, Waterville, Me.  
 Echo, The — Gouverneur High School, Gouverneur, N. Y.  
 Graphic, The — Amherst High School, Amherst, Mass.  
 High School News, The — Lancaster High School, Lancaster, Pa.  
 Hermnica, The — Red Wing Seminary, Red Wing, Minn.  
 High School News, The — Geneva High School, Geneva, N. Y.  
 Index, The — South High School, Worcester, Mass.  
 Lasell Leaves, The — Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Mass.  
 Lyceum, The — Chillicothe High School, Chillicothe, Ohio.  
 Mirror, The — Sharon High School, Sharon, Pa.  
 Mirror, The — Emerson High School, West Hoboken, N. J.

Mirror, The — Moravian Seminary, Bethlehem, Pa.  
 Oak Leaves, The — Saint Faith's School, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.  
 Owl, The — Middletown High School, Middletown, N. Y.  
 Oread, The — Rutland High School, Rutland, Vt.  
 Orange and Blue, The — Town of Union High School, Town of Union, N. J.  
 Oak, Lily, and Ivy, The — Milford High School, Milford, Mass.  
 Oracle, The — Abington High School, Abington, Pa.  
 Periscope, The — Perham High School, Perham, Minn.  
 Pinkerton Critic, The — Pinkerton Academy, Derry, N. H.  
 Qualis, The — The Misses Anable's School, New Brunswick, N. J.  
 Review, The — Lowell High School, Lowell, Mass.  
 Reflector, The — Gloucester High School, Gloucester, Mass.  
 Record, The — Girls' High School, Louisville, Ky.  
 Somerville High School Radiator, The — Somerville High School, Somerville, Mass.  
 Spy, The — Kenosha High School, Kenosha, Wis.  
 Student Pen, The — Pittsfield High School, Pittsfield, Mass.  
 Senior Banner, The — Rockville High School, Rockville, Conn.  
 Senior, The — Westerly High School, Westerly, R. I.

### APRIL NUMBERS.

Apokeepsian, The — High School, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.  
 Argylite, The — Pen Argyl High School, Pen Argyl, Pa.



Advance, The — Salem High School, Salem, Mass.  
 Aerial, The — Logan High School, Logan, Ohio.  
 Blue and White, The — High School, Tamaqua, Pa.  
 Breeze, The — Cushing Academy, Ashburnham, Mass.  
 Brocktonia, The — Brockton High School, Brockton, Mass.  
 Clarion, The — The West Hartford High School, West Hartford, Conn.  
 Comus, The — Zanesville High School, Zanesville, Ohio.  
 Dragon, The — Edward Lee McClain High School, Greenfield, Ohio.  
 Eltrurian, The — Haverhill High School, Haverhill, Mass.  
 Early Trainer, The — Essex County Training School, Lawrence, Mass.  
 Garnet and White, The — West Chester Public High School, West Chester, Pa.  
 Habit, The — Salina High School, Salina, Kas.  
 Hemnica, The — Red Wing Seminary, Red Wing, Minn.  
 High School Record, The — Brooklyn Boys' High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
 Lasell Leaves, The — Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Mass.  
 Mirror, The — Moravian Seminary, Bethlehem, Pa.  
 Mirror, The — Sharon High School, Sharon, Pa.  
 Orange and Blue, The — Town of Union High School, Town of Union, N. J.  
 Orange and Blue, The — Millville High School, Millville, N. J.  
 Oracle, The — Abington High School, Abington, Pa.  
 Purple Pennant, The — Cortland High School, Cortland, N. Y.  
 Prospect, The — Manual Training High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
 Record, The — Smith Academy, St. Louis, Mo.  
 Red and White, The — Mount Carmel High School, Mount Carmel, Pa.  
 Record, The — Louisville Girls' High

School, Louisville, Ky.  
 Red and Gray, The — Lynn English High School, Lynn, Mass.  
 Spy, The — Kenosha High School, Kenosha, Wis.  
 Scholastica, The — Tonawanda High School, Tonawanda, N. Y.  
 Student, The — Rochester Catholic High School, Rochester, N. Y.  
 Tuskegee Student, The — Tuskegee Institute, Alabama.  
 Tattler, The — Ithaca High School, Ithaca, N. Y.

Vermont Academy Life, The — Vermont Academy, Saxton River, Vt.

#### MAY NUMBERS.

Buzzer, The — Avalon High School, Avalon, Pa.  
 Brown and White, The — Brown Preparatory School, Philadelphia, Pa.  
 Clarion, The — Arlington High School, Arlington, Mass.  
 Chaos, The — The New Detroit University School, Detroit, Mich.  
 Eltrurian, The — Haverhill High School, Haverhill, Mass.  
 Garnet and White, The — West Chester High School, West Chester, Pa.  
 High School News, The — Geneva High School, Geneva, N. Y.

#### AS OTHERS SEE US.

Archon: Very interesting Locals. Complete in every department.

—Lyceum

Archon: You have a long Exchange List. Do you receive from those each month or off and on?

—Review

Archon: The Literary Department is not large but is very good. You have an excellent Exchange List, but no table of contents.

—Echo

Archon: You have a fine Exchange List.

—Coburn Clarion

Archon: A new exchange and one to be appreciated. Your cuts are finely drawn. You might add a story or two and a table of contents.

—Advocate

Archon: Your Literary Department is not in proportion with the rest of your paper.

—Clarion

Archon: Your paper is well planned, but we look in vain for any editorials. A few pictures of the different activities in the school would make it more interesting. Your Locals are good.

—Brocktonia

Archon: Of course I don't forget the Archon's doing mighty well.

—Habit

Archon: You have certainly a fine paper. The cuts are extraordinarily clever.

—Oak Leaves

Archon: We picked up your paper. We liked the cover. We opened it. We enjoyed the Literary Department. The Home Life, Athletics, and Locals Departments were all good. Your Exchange Column looked interesting. We started to read it. It sounded good. We struck the second paragraph and — zip — went our opinion of the ARCHON. Don't you think that it is indiscreet to condemn anything so universally used as exchange jokes? And then to go still further and to brand exchange editors in general as "weak" — for that is what you did — is just about the limit. You should weigh your words carefully before you say them, especially such things as that.

—Orange and Blue

#### COMMENTS.

Red and White: Your Literary Department is very good. Your paper contains excellent cuts.

Oak Leaves: You could improve the paper by adding a few cuts. The Literary Department is fine.

The Student: The poem, "The Jolly Nine," is very clever. The lay-out of your editorial is excellent. Why such a small Exchange Column?

The Tattler: A new exchange, pleased to have you. You have a good cover, nice looking ads, and good printing throughout. "A Plea to Delinquent Subscribers" is fine. Why mix your athletics and ads? Come again.

The Prospect: Another new friend. You have an excellent paper from cover to cover. Come again.

The Scholastica: Still another new visitor. "Sissy Perkins' Seance" is very interesting reading. Printing of the Honor Roll is a very good idea. Hope to see you again.

The High School Record: You have a wonderful amount of ads. Your cuts and cartoons are extremely funny. The art manager deserves much credit. Why not have an Exchange List? Come again.

The Senior Banner: A new comer. Welcome to our city. You have a good paper. Why not enlarge your Exchange List? Where is the address of your school?

The Students' Pen: Your cuts are finely drawn. You are one of our new exchanges. Hope to see you again.

The Qualis: The Editorial Department is not in proportion with the rest of the departments. You have excellent cuts and your cover is very neat.

The Argo: All your departments are well planned.

The Garnet and White: "Notes and Comments" are very good. But why such a small Athletic Department? Your "Editorial" is very interesting.

The Orange and Blue: Your criticism on our Exchange Department is extremely amusing. I am sure you will agree with me that the statement I made in the previous issue "reaches home." If the coat fits, put it on.

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#### THE N. H. MEET.

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(Continued From Page 9.)

entered in the 880, in the annual New Hampshire State Interscholastic Track Meet. They were met at the station and taken to the home of Professor Smith, where they remained until time for the meet.

When the half mile was announced, 19 men went out onto the track. Two

Huntington school men got the lead at the start and kept it for over half way, while Kramer hung back in fourth place. But now Bob decided that it was time to start and this he proceeded to do. He walked right by Cummings of Haverhill high, and the second Huntington school boy, but he was at least twelve yards behind Morrell of Huntington school, who had held his lead from the first. As usual, Bob made use of his wonderful reserve energy and slowly but surely closed up the gap between. He started a little too late, however, for Morrell beat him out by one yard. Both men broke the track record. Morrell by 11-5 seconds and Kramer by one second.

## HIS CHANCE

(Continued From Page 16.)

pulled his cap over his eyes and stepped to the plate. One strike, two strikes. Would he fail after all. No! Crack! It sounded as if the bat had split. The ball soared away out over the fielder's head. Would it go over the fence? Yes, over the center field fence it sailed. It was a home run. The next man flied out to the pitcher.

But wait! Cornell had one more chance. However, Dick mowed them down one, two, three. Princeton had won three to two. It was a close and nerve racking game.

It was time for the Commencement Dance. The hall was decorated in orange and black. The music was hidden by the large palms, and everyone was just getting into the spirit of the evening, when someone came up to Ralston and asked where Dick was. Jack realized for the first time that he had not seen his chum that evening.

He was just about to go out in search of him when a messenger handed him a letter. Ralston tore it open, read it through twice before he got its meaning. Then waving his

hand he dashed up to the orchestra and stopping them in the middle of a hesitation, read the message:

"Dear Jack: Perhaps will be a little late for the dance as we are getting married."

"Dick and Ray."

They were very late, but when they did come they certainly got "some" reception.

## "TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR-ROOM?"

### No.—Six Knights In Bed.

First Knight.

The Deacon rubs his hands no more,  
He's bowed his head the last:—  
Gone to the long, long promised shore,  
Where life is not so fast.

Second Knight.

O,—a,—Biliken Brush is sleeping  
here,  
O,—a,—he's been dead some while;  
(This crescent mound from 'ere to 'ere  
Is what marks Bili's smile.)

Third Knight.

Here, 'neath this plot of verdant grass,  
Bulgaria still dreams on;  
She dreams that she still dreams in  
class;  
(She knows not she is "gone.")

Fourth Knight.

Under this spreading chestnut tree,  
Which still must "bear" his wit,  
Beside the other nuts lies he;  
('Tis said, Walt's just the fit.)

Fifth Knight.

Let no man grieve that Spencer's  
dead,  
And buried, now lies here;  
For now at length he has a bed—  
"At length," my brothers dear.

Sixth Knight.

My friends, if you should hear a hol-  
ler,  
As from a wild man in his cave,  
You may be sure that Nat wants a  
dollar,  
To pay for looking at his grave.  
(Klaxon.)



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NEWBURYPORT

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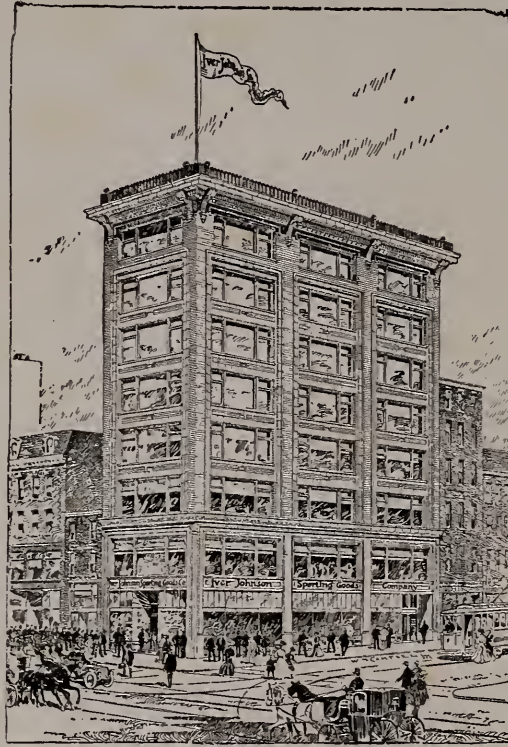


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